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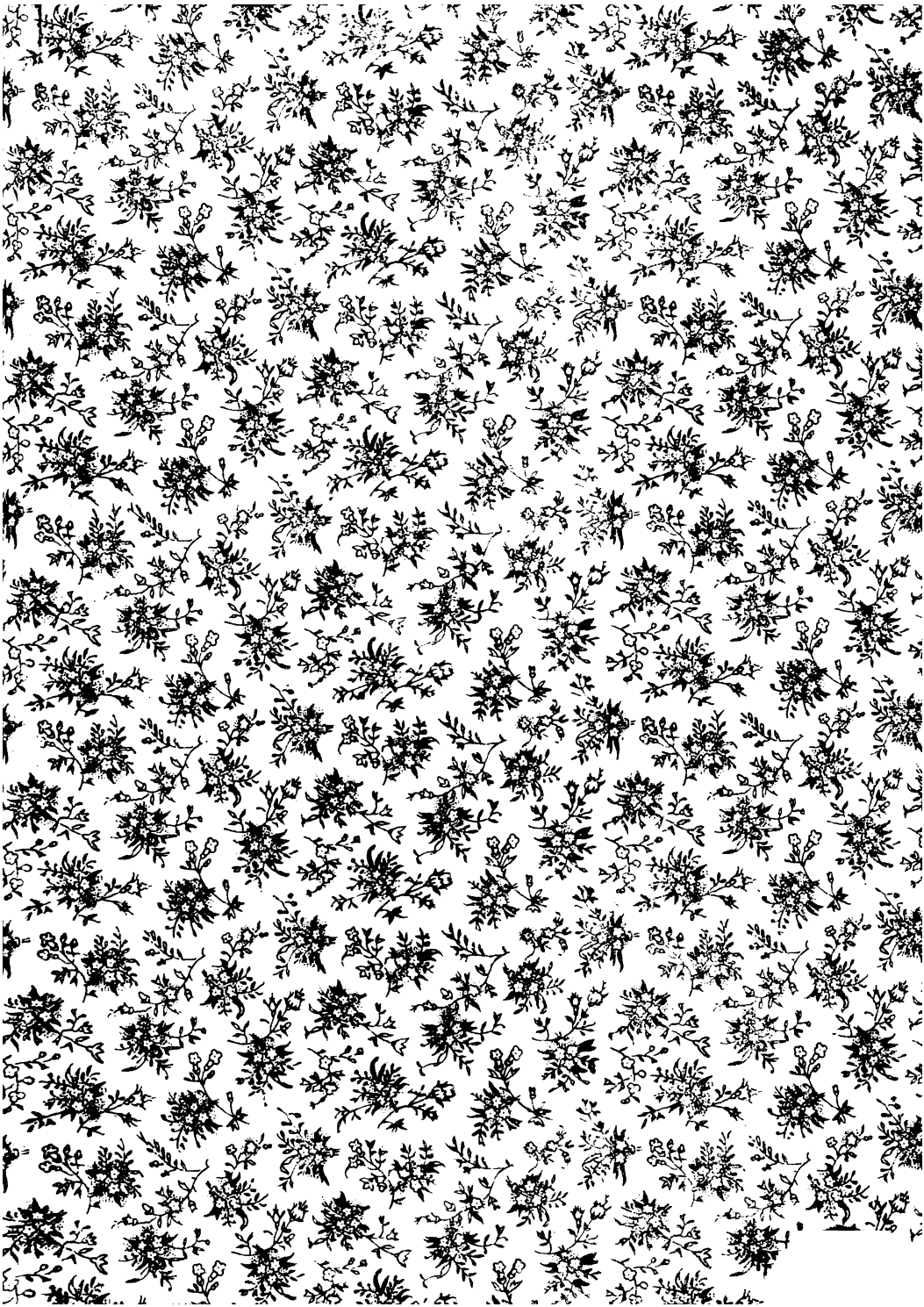
For Charlie's Sake
AND OTHER
Lyrics and Ballads

AT last our veteran balladist, who has done so much for other poets' work, binds up the autumnal harvest of his own. There are more prolific makers, but as surely as quality, not volume, is the test of poesy, the author of "The Fight at the San Jacinto," "Stonewall Jackson's Way," and "For Charlie's Sake" will long be remembered.

Edmund Clarence Stedman

NET PRICE, $1.00

John Williamson Palmer



(Palmer) J.W.
NB1

For Charlie's Sake

And Other Lyrics and Ballads

For Charlie's Sake:

And Other Lyrics and Ballads

By JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

When will your bards be weary
Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
The old eternal Song?

Von Hutzsperg: *The Last Poet.*

Funk & Wagnalls Company
New York and London
1901

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1905

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PUBLISHED IN

Youre termes, youre colours, and youre figures,
Keep hem in stoor, til so be ye endite
High style, as whan that men to Kynges write.
Spekith so playn at this tyme, I yow pray,
That we may understonde what ye say.

Chaucer: *Prologue to the Clerk's Tale.*

Pub Exch 4 Mch 1905
C.H.A. Bjerregaard

Contents

		PAGE
I.	For Charlie's Sake,	13
II.	The Maryland Battalion,	21
III.	The Joiners,	27
IV.	Theodosia Burr,	35
V.	Reid at Fayal,	43
VI.	The Fight at the San Jacinto,	49
VII.	Stonewall Jackson's Way,	55
VIII.	Oranje Boven!	61
IX.	Theodora,	67
X.	Lotos,	71
XI.	The Three Graces,	75
XII.	One Year More,	79
XIII.	The Christmas Child,	81
XIV.	A Song for a Lamb,	85
XV.	In Martial Manner,	87
XVI.	A Ballad of Injin Ink,	91

To the

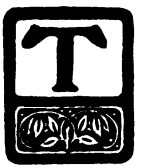
"Theodora"

Of my Grateful Verse

Lyrics and Ballads

I

For Charlie's Sake



THE night is late, the house is still;
The angels of the hour fulfil
Their tender ministries, and move
From couch to couch, in cares of love.
They drop into thy dreams, sweet Wife,
The happiest smile of Charlie's life,
And lay on Baby's lips a kiss
Fresh from his angel-brother's bliss;
And as they pass, they seem to make
A strange, dim hymn, "For Charlie's sake!"

My listening heart takes up the strain,
And gives it to the night again,
Fitted with words of lowly praise,
And patience learned of mournful days,
And memories of the dead child's ways.

His will be done, His will be done!
Who gave, and took away, my son,
In the Far Land to shine and sing,
Before the Beautiful, the King,

For Charlie's Sake

Who every day doth Christmas make,
All starred and belled for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, leaving my sin
Without; and seat me at His board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed—for Charlie's sake and mine.

I'm very poor; his slender stone
Marks all the narrow field I own.
Yet, patient husbandman, I till
With faith and prayers that precious hill,
Sow it with penitential pains,
And, hopeful, wait the latter rains:
Content if, after all, the spot
Yield barely one forget-me-not;
Whether or figs or thistles make
My crop—content, for Charlie's sake.

For Charlie's Sake

I have no houses, builded well;
Only that little lonesome cell,
Where never romping playmates come,
Nor bashful sweethearts, cunning-dumb:
An April burst of girls and boys,
Their rainbowed cloud of griefs and joys
Born with their songs, gone with their toys.
Nor ever is its stillness stirred
By purr of cat, or chirp of bird,
Or mother's twilight legend, told
Of Horner's pie or Tiddler's gold,
Or Fairy, hobbling to the door,
Red-cloaked and weird, banned and poor,
To bless the good child's gracious eyes,
The good child's wistful charities,
And crippled Changeling's hunch to make
Dance on his crutch, for Good Child's sake.

How is it with the lad?—'Tis well.
Nor would I any miracle
Might stir my sleeper's tranquil trance,
Or plague his painless countenance.
I would not any Seer might place
His staff on my immortal's face
Or lip to lip, and eye to eye,
Charm back his pale mortality.
No, Shunammite! I would not break
God's quiet. Let them weep who wake,

For Charlie's Sake

For Charlie's sake my lot is blest:
No comfort like his Mother's breast,
No praise like hers; no charm exprest
In fairest forms hath half her zest.
For Charlie's sake this bird's carest
That Death left lonely in the nest.
For Charlie's sake my heart is drest,
As for its birthday, in its best.
For Charlie's sake we leave the rest
To Him who gave, and who did take,
And saved us twice—for Charlie's sake.

II

The Maryland Battalion:

In the Battle of Long Island

SPRUCE Macaronis and pretty to see,
Tidy and dapper and gallant were we.
Blooded fine gentlemen, proper and tall,
Bold in a fox-hunt and gay at a ball.
Prancing soldados, so martial and bluff,
Billets for bullets, in scarlet and buff.
But our cockades were clasped with a mother's low prayer,
And the sweethearts that braided the sword-knots were fair.

There was grummer of drums humming hoarse in the hills,
And the bugles sang fanfaron down by the mills.
By Flatbush the bagpipes were droning amain,
And keen cracked the rifles in Martense's lane.
For the Hessians were flecking the hedges with red,
And the Grenadiers' tramp marked the roll of the dead.

Three to one, flank and rear, flashed the files of St. George,
The fierce gleam of their steel as the glow of a forge.
The brutal boom-boom of their swart cannoneers
Was sweet music compared with the taunt of their cheers—
For the brunt of their onset, our crippled array,
And the light of God's leading gone out in the fray!

Oh, the rout on the left and the tug on the right!
The mad plunge of the charge and the wreck of the flight!
When the cohorts of Grant held stout Stirling at strain,
And the mongrels of Hesse went tearing the slain;
When at Freeke's Mill the flumes and the sluices ran red,
And the dead choked the dyke and the marsh choked the
dead!

"Oh, Stirling, good Stirling! How long must we wait?
Shall the shout of your trumpet unleash us too late?
Have you never a dash for brave Mordecai Gist,
With his heart in his throat, and his blade in his fist?
Are we good for no more than to prance at a ball,
When the drums beat the charge and the clarions call?"

Tralára! Tralára! Now praise we the Lord,
For the clang of His call and the flash of His sword!
Tralára! Tralára! Now forward to die.
For the banner, hurrah! and for sweethearts, goodby!
"Four hundred wild lads!" Maybe so. I'll be bound

'Twill be easy to count us, face up on the ground.
If we hold the road open, tho' Death take the toll,
We'll be missed on parade when the States call the roll—
When the flags meet in peace and the guns are at rest,
And fair Freedom is singing Sweet Home in the West.

III

The Joiners

I

THE moon is round and big, and full
Of something strange and beautiful.

Pensive and pale, she seems to lie,
Couched in the comfortable sky,

Wistfully watching all among
The stars, and troubled for her young.

II

The Joiner's wife is waiting, full
Of something strange and beautiful.

Patient and still and pale she lies,
A tender terror in her eyes,

Wistfully, through the workshop door,
Counting his footsteps on the floor.

III

A restless and a troubled ray
Hath vexed the Joiner's eye all day—

As fretful firelight flickers o'er
The chambers of the sick and poor.

But Love fills with religious light
The chapel of his thoughts to-night,

And consecrated tapers shine
Above, before, around the shrine.

His words are few and low and mild,
As careful for a sleeping child.

No cunning in his craft of late:
Compass and plumb and rule must wait

Till the Unerring Skill hath done
The work his daring love begun.

IV

Two figures cross the Joiner's sill,
Two prophecies, of Good and Ill:

One paler, colder, than the moon;
The other like an April noon.

Two odors—this of churchyard mould,
That as when fragrant buds unfold.

V

"Good master, by your leave, you see
Two joiners faring piteously

'Weary and famished, cold and sore,
Warmth, rest, refreshment, we implore.

"So, Master, be your roof-tree blest,
In coming and in parting guest.

"And we your pity will requite
With nimble handicraft to-night."

VI

"Well done!" The strangers' hammers ring
In measure to strange tunes they sing;

A dirge, a cradle-hymn they try,
A requiem and a lullaby,

VII

The moon is gone, her place all dark;
Where late she lay one struggling spark!

And *she* is parting: her vacant breast
But coldly welcomes "the coming guest."

But they finished their work ere they went their way,
A coffin grim and a cradle gay.

IV

Theodosia Burr:
The Wrecker's Story

IN revel and carousing
We gave the New Year housing,
With wreckage for our firing,
And rum to heart's desiring,
Antigua and Jamaica,
Flagon and stoup and breaker.
Full cans and a ranting chorus;
Hard hearts for the bout before us—
To brave grim Death's grimaces
On dazed and staring faces.

With dirks and hangers bristling,
We for a gale went whistling,
Tornado or pampero,
To swamp the host of Pharaoh ·
To goad the mad Atlantic,
And drive the skippers frantic;
To jar the deep with thunder,
And make the waste a wonder,
And plunge the coasters under,
And pile the banks with plunder.

Then the wild rack came skirling,
Ragged and crazed, and whirling
Sea-stuff and sand in breakers,
Frothing the shelvy acres:
Over the banks high bounding,
Inlet and sound confounding.
Hatteras roared and rumbled,
Currituck heaved and tumbled;
And the sea-gulls screamed like witches,
And sprawled in the briny ditches.

Shelter and rest we flouted,
Jorum and pipe we scouted,
Fiddler and wench we routed.
"Fetch out the nag!" we shouted;
For a craft in the offing struggled.
"Now for a skipper juggled;
Now for a coaster stranded,
And loot in the lockers landed!"
With lantern cheerly rocking
On the nag's head, we went mocking–
Lilting of tipsy blisses,
And Bonnibel's squandered kisses.

Straight for that hell-spark steering,
Drove the doomed craft careering;
Men on her fore-deck huddled,
Sea in her wake all cruddled,

Kitty Hawk sheer before her,
And the breakers booming o'er her.
Till the rocks in their lurking stove her,
And her riven spars went over,
And she lay on her side and shivered,
And groaned to be delivered.

Boats through the black rift storming,
Foes on her quarter swarming;
Dirks in the torchlight flashing,
And the wicked hangers slashing;
Lips that were praying, mangled,
Throats that were screaming, strangled;
Souls in the surges tumbling,
Vainly for foothold fumbling;
Horror of staring faces,
Gruesome in Death's grimaces.—
And God's wrath overpast us,
With never a bolt to blast us!

By the brunt of our doings daunted,
We crouched where the fore-deck slanted,
Scanning each other's faces,
Graved with that horror's traces.
One, peering aft, wild-staring,
Points through the torches flaring:
"Spook of the storm, or human?
Angel, or wraith, or woman?"

Havoc and wreck surveying,
Imploring not, nor praying,
Nor death nor life refusing;
Stony and still—accusing!

Black as our hearts the creature's
Vesture, her matchless features
White as the dead. Oh! wonder
Of women high heaven under!
So she moved down upon us
(Though Death and the Fiend might shun us),
And we made passage, cowering.
Rigid and mute and towering,
Never a frown she deigned us,
Never with curse arraigned us.
One, trembling, dropped his hanger,
And swooned at the awful clangor;
But she passed on, unharking,
Her steps *our* doom-strokes marking,
Straight to the plank, and mounted.
"One, two, three, four!" we counted;
Till she paused, o'er the flood suspended,
Poised, her lithe arms extended.—
And the storm stood still, and waited
For the stroke of the Lord, belated!

V

Reid at Fayal

1814

A CLIFF-LOCKED port and a bluff sea wall,
And a craggy rampart, brown and bold;
Proud Pico's bastions towering tall,
And a castle dumb and cold.

The scream of a gull where a porpoise rolls;
And the flash of a home-bound fisher's blade,
Where the ghostly boom of the drumfish tolls
For wrecks that the reef has made.

A grim dun ridge, and a thin gray beach,
And the swish and the swash of the sleepless tide;
And the moonlight masking the reef's long reach,
Where the lurking breakers bide.

And under the castle's senseless walls
(Santa Cruz, old and cold and dumb),
Where only the prying sea-mew calls,
And the harbor beetles hum,

Reid at Fayal

A Yankee craft at her cable swings:
"All's well!" the cheery lookout sings.
But the skipper counts his sleeping crew,
His guns, and his drowsy ensign, too.
—Says he, "They'll do!"

For the skipper marks, tho' he makes no sign,
Frigate and corvette and ship of the line,
Rounding the headland into the light:
"Three Union Jacks and a moonlight night!"
—Says he, "We'll Fight!"

Twelve launches cutting the silver bay;
Twenty score boarders called away.
And it's "Lively, hearties, and let her go!"
With a rouse and a cheer and a "Yeo, ho, ho!"
—Says Reid, "Lie low!"

'Tis a song of havoc the rowlocks sing,
And Death marks time in the rower's swing;
'Tis a baleful glow on the spouting spray,
As the keels in their cruel lust make way.
"Now, up and slay!"

Now up and play in the mad old game—
Ax and cutlass, fury and flame!
White breasts red-wat in the viler muck,
Proud hearts hurled back in the sprawling ruck.
—Says Reid, "Well struck!"

Pike and pistol and dripping blade:
(So are the ghosts and the glory made.)
A curse for a groan, and a cheer for a yell;
Pale glut of Hate and red rapture of Hell!"
—Says Reid, "All's well!"

All's well for the banner that dances free,
Where the mountains are shouting the news to the sea.
All's well for the bold, and all's ill for the strong,
In the fight and the flight that shall hold us long,
In tale and song.

VI

The Fight at the San Jacinto

"NOW for a brisk and cheerful fight!"
Said Harman, big and droll,
As he coaxed his flint and steel for a light,
And puffed at his cold clay bowl.
"For we are a skulking lot," says he,
"Of land-thieves hereabout,
And these bold señores, two to one,
Have come to smoke us out."

Santa Anna and Castrillon,
Almonte brave and gay,
Portilla red from Goliad,
And Cos with his smart array.
Dulces and cigaritos,
And the light guitar, ting-tum!
Sant' Anna courts siesta—
And Sam Houston taps his drum.

The buck stands still in the timber—
"Is it patter of nuts that fall?"

The Fight at the San Jacinto

The foal of the wild mare whinnies—
  Did he hear the Comanche call?
In the brake by the crawling bayou
  The slinking she-wolves howl;
And the mustang's snort in the river sedge
  Has startled the paddling fowl.

A soft low tap, and a muffled tap,
  And a roll not loud nor long;
We would not break Sant' Anna's nap,
  Nor spoil Almonte's song.
Saddles and knives and rifles!
  Lord! but the men were glad,
When Deaf Smith muttered "Alamo!"
  And Karnes hissed "Goliad!"

The drummer tucked his sticks in his belt,
  And the fifer gripped his gun.
Oh, for one free wild Texan yell,
  As we took the slope in a run!
But never a shout nor a shot we spent,
  Nor an oath nor a prayer, that day,
Till we faced the bravos, eye to eye;
  And then we blazed away.

Then we knew the rapture of Ben Milam,
  And the glory that Travis made,
With Bowie's lunge, and Crockett's shot,

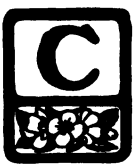
And Fannin's dancing blade;
And the heart of the fighter, bounding free
In his joy so hot and mad—
When Millard charged for Alamo,
Lamar for Goliad.

Deaf Smith rode straight, with reeking spur,
Into the shock and rout:
"I've hacked and burned the bayou bridge.
There's no sneak's back-way out!"
Muzzle or butt for Goliad,
Pistol and blade and fist!
Oh, for the knife that never glanced,
And the gun that never missed!

Dulces and cigaritos,
Song and the mandolin!
That gory swamp is a gruesome grove
To dance fandangos in.
We bridged the bog with the sprawling herd
That fell in that frantic rout.
We slew and slew, till the sun set red,
And the Texan star flashed out.

VII

Stonewall Jackson's Way



COME, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails:
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now—the queer slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew.
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-light Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he: "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him——" Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Marster's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
Attention!—it's his way.

Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod!
Amen!"—That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole Brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn.
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, By George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen!—whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewell Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait and watch and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, Widow! read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.

Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

VIII

Oranje Boven! *

SAID the Sea to the Dutchman, "Ho, make way!
For the march of the Flood is mine.
Shall the bar of thine arm my coursers stay,
In the charge of my whelming brine?"
To the Sea said the Dutchman, "Ho, stand back!
I bide for the dole and fee,
To the hands that serve and the loins that lack;
And a hail to the Strong and Free.
In the might of the Lord of the Deep I stand, and I set
His bounds to thee.

"A bound in the Dyke, and a mete in the Dune,
And a stay in the stout Sea-wall.
In the swing of my spade is the eagle's rune,
Tho' the Norland ravens squall.
And the silt shall flow and the clod shall grow,
From Zeeland to Zuyder Zee;
And a man shall a freeman's foothold know,
Where the arm of a man is free.
For the lord of the Dutchman's land, the lord of the
Dutchman's love shall be.

* The war-cry of William the Silent.—Written for the eighteenth birthday of Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina, of the Netherlands.

Oranje Boven!

"Flambeau and falchion, shackle and rack
  In the lust of a 'Holy' hate
No glut of carnage, rapine and sack,
  Nor a Thousand Fears, can sate.
No tear for ruth, and no shudder for shame,
  No Christ for the brand and pike;
Only the rage of the 'Beggar's' claim,
  And the roar of the cloven dyke.
Only the arm of the Lord upheaved, and the sword of
        the Lord to strike."

Said the Sea, "O Nederland! Alone,
  You battle against the stars.
For Brill's hoarse cry, and Alkmaar's groan,
  I storm at your stubborn bars.
In Heiliger Lee your Rachels weep,
  In Leyden your children die.
Death unto Life, Deep unto Deep!
  And my tides leap at the cry.
Set wide your gates to my hosts, and sound your pealing
        trumpets high!"

"Oranje Boven!"—Fate is mute,
  And the Silent soul is lord,
"Oranje Boven!"—Trump and lute
  Wait on the grim, dumb sword.
When the brand is cold, and the blade is rust,
  And the gyve and the rack are shows,

Oranje Boven!

When the bones of the Brave enrich the dust
  Where a Leyden garden grows—
Then the organ swell of the Sea shall tell how Nederland uprose.

On Yssel's flanks, with thrifty sails,
  The windmills churn the air,
Where erst a Viking's galley rails
  Their bosséd shields laid bare.
I dream that the high-beaked triremes sweep
  A path for the hordes of Rome,
As I rock in a fisher's boat, asleep,
  In the lee of a hedger's home,
While the bells are chiming a psalm of Rest from storied tower and dome.

And Thou, O fairest flower of Peace,
  Child of a happy star!
Glories, and guerdons of increase,
  Wreathe thy ancestral Lar.
White Righteousness in thine array,
  And on thy shield Renown,
Honor shall celebrate thy day,
  And Law salute thy crown,
While grass shall grow and water flow, and the ships sail up and down.

IX

Theodora

A WONDER she!
Of grace assigned to be
My fond amazement and my Mystery.

With longing sought,
Hither by angels brought,
And lodged, all lonely, in my highest thought.

Not any star
Foreran her from afar,
Nor rode she thronèd in a moonlight car.

Nor sheeted white,
An eerie, awesome sprite,
Confronted she my soul, on guard at night.

No pinions hers,
Nor such a flight as stirs
The topmost cones of midnight's solemn firs,

Of Earth or Air
That face serenely fair,
Coif'd in the dusky hoodings of her hair?

A form foretold
In Phryne's matchless mold,
Veiled in the twilight of an Age of Gold;

A shape to glance
Athwart the fitful trance
Of seers, from the aisles of old Romance.

All rainbowed things,
All glad imaginings,
Brought she, as Joy bears music on his wings.

What spells surprise
The Lotos-eater's eyes,
Or take his ear with Hourian harmonies—

Strains that, in rime,
The bells of memory chime,
Like songs of Home heard in an alien clime.

Whate'er can keep
Cold from the heart, or steep
In silken solace the wide cloak of Sleep.

Content, success;
Praise, peace, and pleasantness;
Friendship's true grasp, and Love's unwronged caress.

X

Lotos

AS often as I'm with thee, I recall
A drowsy lotos nodding in a pool,
A reverie of ripples, where a cool
Dim tent of bamboo shadows curtains all.
Hard by, a flute-bird joins her "dying fall"
To the low crooning of a lingering breeze,
Humming of slumber and soft Indian ease,
To fold my sleeper in faint, sensuous thrall.
Couched in the comfort of her beauty, fanned
By the deft elves of Queen Mab's retinue,
Like a Sultana pillowed on her hand,
Whose dreams Haroun-al-Reschid's realm renew.
Be thou my lotos, thine her trancing gleams,
Thou maker and partaker of my dreams!

Most like a lotos in thy languid air,
Most like a lotos in thy red and white;
Not in an arrogance of gauds bedight,—
Queen by the queenliness of being fair!
Most like the lotos that thy veins prepare
Some subtle potion to enthrall the sense
Of jaded wayfarers, and lift them hence

To bathe in billows of empyrean air.
  The dusty Bedouin, alighting down
From his fagged camel at a lotos bath,
Straightway emparadised, his houri hath,
  Forgets the desert and his bandits brown.
I lighted from my camel at thy door
To kiss thee—must I dream for evermore?

XI

The Three Graces

TELL me, little trembling rose,
Thou whose sweet, coy crimson glows
Where Her lilies, chaste and pale,
Mutely tell their pensive tale,—
What your name, and whence you came?
Whence your rapture, or your shame?

Tell me, faint æolian moan,
Thou whose plaintive monotone,
Like the widowed dove's at night,
Chides a cheerful chirp's delight,—
What your name, and whence your pain?
Why that trouble in your strain?

Tell me, brilliant, pure and clear,
Loth to leave thy purer sphere,—
Some dumb sorrow's darkened plight
Broke in eloquence and light,—
What thy name, thy pleading charm?
Who would do thee any harm?

Blush am I; but by and by,
If I live, they'll call me Sigh.

I'm a sigh; but if I grow,
Tear they'll name me, for my woe.

Call me Tear, dear, if I move
Thee to pity; if I prove
Wanton vanity above.
I was Blush once, I was Sigh;
I'll be Memory by and by.—
But our story's name is LOVE!

XII

One Year More

THOU, in whose garden I have grown apace,
Plant of no grace,
Filling a good tree's place,
Spreading no shade, nor showing any fruit—
Thankless from crown to root!

Thou who, these many years, hast come and found,
On tree or ground,
Sound, be it, or unsound,
No fig to praise thee for thy patient care—
Stubborn, and dry and bare! . . . .

"Why cumb'rest thou the ground then?"—Aye, Lord! why?
To live or die,
Fruitless alike? I cry.
To lay my life out in one meed, to give
To thee, my Lord—and live!

"One year more, Master!—One year for my own!
Let him alone.
With shame, and sob, and groan,
I'll dig around his heart-roots—graft and prune."
"Then, if for all he bear not?" . . . "Ah! so soon?
Lord, give us one year more!"

XIII

The Christmas Child

I

A GRACIOUS waiting in the air,
A welcome in the morning star;
A thrill of praise, a throb of prayer;
A strange glad coming from afar.
A happy calling, bell to bell;
A merry meeting, flame with flame.
"This day a babe is born. All's well!
Peace and good will! All's well! Good-will!"
——Then Bunny came.

II

An awful waiting in the heart;
A parting ken in watching eyes;
A pang of prayer; kind tears, that start
From wells of winsome memories.
A lonesome going, far and dark:
That look—"By-bye!" That sigh—all spent.
Hark, love, their wings! Their whisper, hark!
"Peace and good-will. By-bye!—His will."
——Then Bunny went.

III

Ah, homeless home! Ah, barren cot!
  Ah, poor dead pillow, white and cold!
All dark, where his small spark is not;
  All silent, his short story told.
Dumb drum, your little soldier's slain;
  Dull doll, your pretty playmate's fled.
How keen the holly's thorns of pain!
  "His will be done!" His will—'tis done.
    ——And Bunny's dead.

XIV

A Song for a Lamb

SING me a song! Sing me a song!
Bonnie Lamb, what shall it be?
A song of a Babe, and an ox, and an ass;
Of shepherds that trembled and crouched
in the grass;
Of kings and white angels, that wonder and pass;
And a great Star that came out to see.

Sing me a song! Sing me a song!
Bonnie Lamb, what shall it be?
A song of a mother that wept by a grave;
A song of an angel that watched in a cave.
Then a shout in the sky, and a flash on the wave,—
And My God on the land and the sea!

XV

In Martial Manner

"WHO'VE ye got there?"—Only a dying brother,
Hurt at the front just now.
"Poor lad! he's dead. Somebody tell his mother
Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?"—A crippled courier, Major;
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall.—"Cruel work they've made here.
Quick with him, to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?"—Doctor, speak low, speak low, Sir!
Don't let the men find out.
It's *Stonewall!*—"God!"—The Brigade must not know, Sir,
While there's a Yank about.

Whom have we here—shrouded in martial manner,
Crowned with a victor's charm?
A dumb, dead captain, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm.

In Martial Manner

The heart whereon his cause hung.—Mark how clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck.—Hark! how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His fiery inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation,
And dead, he builds it yet.

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XVI

A Ballad of Injin Ink

IT is a Tarry Sailor-man
  Doth shift his quid and sigh;
And moping o'er his Injin Ink,
  He spits, and pipes his eye.

In all their queer variety,
  Perusing, one by one,
Spars, anchors, ensigns, figureheads,
  His fokesel chums have done.

Around his arms, all down his back,
  Betwixt his shoulder-blades,
Are Peg and Nan and Patsy Ann,
  And mer and other maids,

And just below his collar-bones,
  Amidships on his chest,
He shows a sun in blue and red,
  A-rising in the West.

A bit abaft a pirate craft,
  Upon his larboard side,

A Ballad of Injin Ink

There is a thing he made himself,
  The day his Nancy died.

Mayhap it be a lock of hair,
  Mayhap a kile o' rope;
He says it is a true-love knot,
  And so it is, we hope.

Naught recks he, that bold bosin's mate,
  What shape it wear to you.
With love alert, and fist expert,
  He stuck it;—so he knew.

To "Cap'n Cuttle, Mariner,"
  His sugar-tongs and spoons
Not dearer than that rose-pink heart,
  Transfixed with two harpoons;

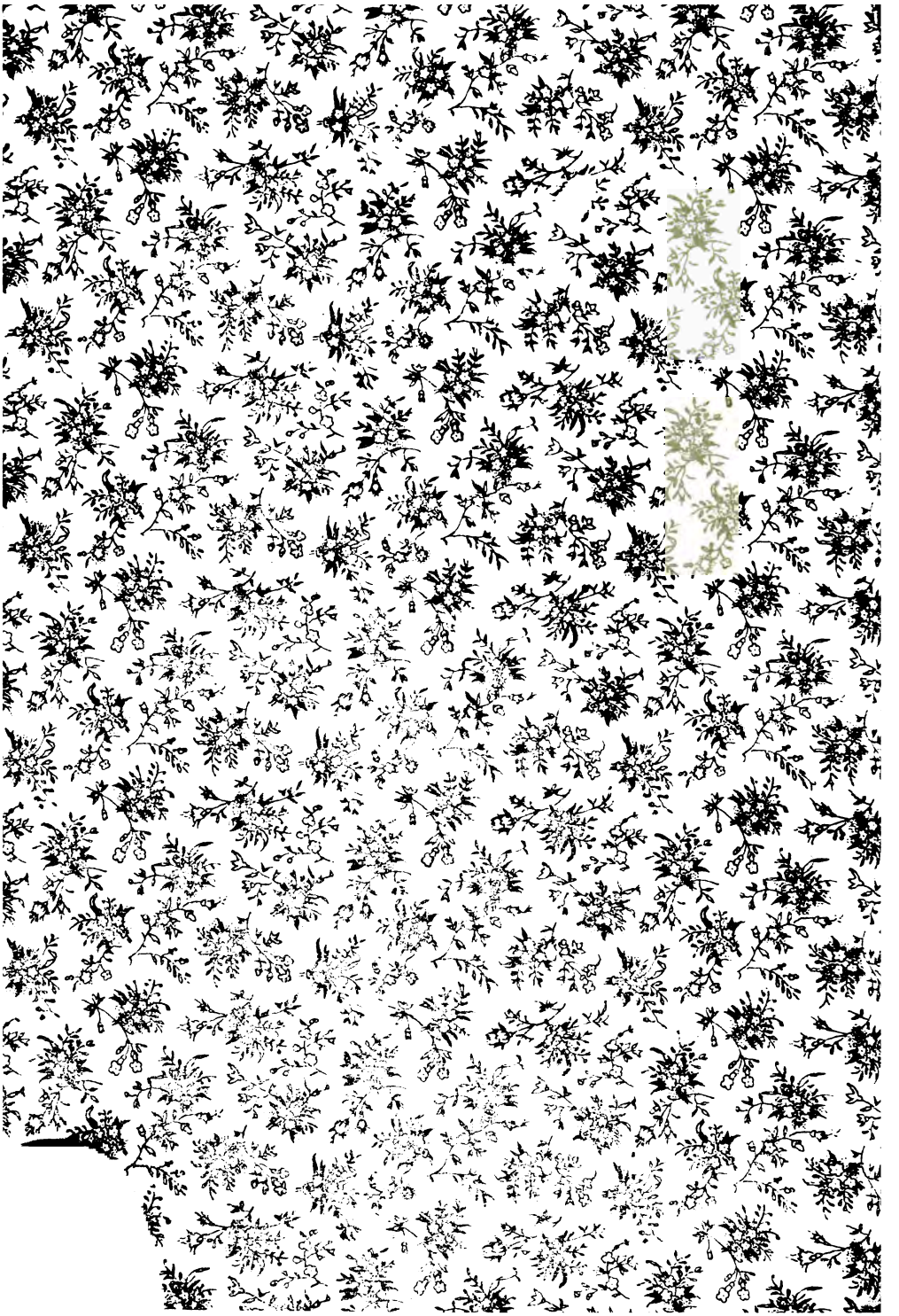
And underneath, a grave in blue,
  A gravestone all in red:
"Here lies, all right, Poor Tom's delight.
  God save the lass—she's dead!"

Permit that Tarry Sailor man
  To shift his quid and sigh;
Nor chide him if he cusses some,
  For piping of his eye.

A Ballad of Injin Ink

Few sadder tokens are the heart's,
  Than, traced at first in pink,
And pricked till all the picture smarts,
  Are fixed with Injin Ink.

K



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